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MONDAY, APRIL 25, 1927

WHOLE NO. 553

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LINKING OLD ROME WITH MODERN ITALY

Professor Knapp's recent¹ remarks upon the value of "Autopsie", made in his discussion of the Galaesus², its sheep and its topography, will command cordial assent from many. He drives me to my stilus. Although the enunciation of any sort of creed is somewhat dangerous business, since the terseness necessary to one's commitment makes misunderstandings easy, I should like to venture one that contains three articles.

First, I believe that the day is near when most American classicists, except the pedagogically moribund, will recognize the importance of keeping abreast of the more important literature upon modern Greece and modern Italy, if they would really understand many vital matters in the life of antiquity and if they would expound vividly the writings of the ancients. When that time comes, it will be recognized that guidance in the choice of the books to be read is as important to live pedagogy and oftentimes even to constructive scholarship as, let us say, reviews of our multitudinous text-books, lonely excursions along tenuous bypaths of research, or even some of our slight furtherances of classical learning in fields of more general interest. To provide this guidance among the numberless works that are appearing in the modern languages, either existing periodicals must undertake systematic reviews, or, perhaps better, a new magazine will have to be founded to deal specifically with all the many interesting and instructive links which the competent can establish between ancient and modern life. As an indication of how valuable and entertaining

such material can be, one needs only to recall the resemblances in military appliances and experiences which various contributors sent in to *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* during the World War or the literary parallels that have from time to time been suggested, in this same periodical, between ancient and modern authors.

A publication of the special sort that is here suggested would undoubtedly appeal to much more than our professional clientèle and so would incidentally strengthen that interest in our subject which we desire to foster among cultivated people everywhere. In the last analysis, the cause of the Classics depends pretty largely upon their support. The only systematic guidance at present available for books on Italy, so far as the writer knows, is a modest periodical, entitled *Italiana*, of which more is said elsewhere in this issue. For Roman civilization, not only books on Italy³ are of importance, but, of course, those on various other European countries besides.

Had the review that is the figment of our imagination been in existence in October, 1926, it would have noted the appearance at Milan of a new volume in a series that lies behind much of the lore in the Guide-Books published by Messrs. Muirhead and Baedeker, as a primary and superior source for any Cicerone, the Guida d'Italia del Touring Club Italiano, Italia Meridionale, Primo Volume, Abruzzo, Molise e Puglia, con 14 Carte Geografiche, 13 Piante di Città e 33 Piante di Edifici. The book, which has the same form as a Baedeker, appeared in a first edition of four hundred thousand copies. It contains eight hundred pages. It was edited by an Italian, L. V. Bertarelli, who knew his country and his business (he died in January, 1926). Deeply grateful though I am to other Guide-Books, they have led me astray too often in out-of-the-way parts of Greece and Italy for me to trust them quite as implicitly as I do this wonderful Italian series published in the vernacular. More than three million copies have already been issued, and yet I rarely find a traveler who knows anything about it. No one who wishes the last word on Italy can afford to ignore these Guide-Books, and one has only to join the Touring Club Italiano to receive, gratis, whatever volume appears in that year, at least half a dozen sheets of the superb Atlante Stradale of Italy, and, thirdly, an Annuario Generale of some 1350 pages of information, valuable to tourists and almost indispensable to automobilists, not to speak of other advantages, which are set forth fully in a pamphlet, *L'Opera del Touring Club Italiano, Statuto*, issued from its offices, Corso

¹See *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 20, 91-93.

²The publication of this paper has been unavoidably delayed by various circumstances, chief among which was the desire to obtain fuller information concerning the publication called *Italiana*, information certain to be of most value if supplied by the editor of *Italiana* himself. I had planned to supplement that information by one or more interviews with the editor, Mr. T. W. Huntington, Jr. But the labors imposed upon me by *The Latin Play*, given at Hunter College, by *The Latin Players* of Hamilton College (see *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 20, 122), added to those of a programme already fairly crowded, wrecked this plan, as they did many another well meant plan.

Mr. Huntington's remarks on *Italiana* appear elsewhere in this issue.

It should always be remembered that *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* cannot be manufactured with the speed which characterizes the production of a great metropolitan daily newspaper (at least it cannot, on such funds as are at present available). It takes three weeks to have an issue set up, to correct the proofs, to have the finished copies transported three hundred and sixty miles, from Geneva, New York, to New York City, to have envelopes addressed, the copies folded and put in envelopes, the envelopes tied up in accordance with the wishes of the Postal authorities, and then taken by 'taxi' to the distant post office prescribed by the Federal Government as one of the few repositories in New York City for the class of mail to which such a paper as *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* belongs.

Further, that the paper may be published on time, as it has been for most of the 553 issues thus far published, the make-up of several issues must, always, be determined in advance. This is especially true of the latter half of each volume, for then the task of preparing the index to the volume, to have it ready for publication in the last number, begins to loom large. Tearing to pieces an issue already practically complete is a task not to be lightly essayed. C. K. >

³For remarks on this part of my paper, by Professors P. W. Wright and H. C. Coffin, see *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 20, 121, 136-137. C. K. >

⁴Two important publications, which, I fear, are not generally known, are Camillo von Klenze, *The Interpretation of Italy During the Last Two Centuries*, Chicago Decennial Publications, Second Series, Vol. XVII (1907), and the *Guida Bibliografica*, II. Edizione, which is distributed gratis by the Istituto Italiano per il Libro del Popolo, Milano, Italy.

Italo 10 Milano (5). My membership in Italy cost me in all 12 lire, 10 centesimi, less than 50 cents, at the rate of exchange.

Turning now to the specific volume above mentioned, we learn (690) of the two bays that form the figure eight of the Mar Piccolo at Taranto and read: "nel 1° seno cioè in quello prossimo alla città si versa nel lato Nil Galese o Galeo, fiumicello lungo c. 900 m."

Mr. Gissing's experience with "Gialtrezze" reminds me of similar troubles that I have had with peasants who stare at you with bovine placidity, if you insist heatedly upon the nomenclature that is current among cultivated people of their own community. Although I have been in Taranto⁴, I can only guess that, since *tressa*, with the plural *tresse*, is simply *treccia*, we are dealing with 'Yellow tresses'. Some Italian, observing perhaps something notably *giallo* about soil or water or vegetation, and, preferring blondes, as all Italians, whether gentlemen or not, do, could not forbear the fancy name of 'Goldie-locks'.

For the second article of my creed I wish to express a conviction that 'autopsy' is soon going to become as much the rule as it has been the exception for American editors. With the present respectable and inexpensive facilities that are provided for reaching the classic lands, we need only to spread the persuasion among our future teachers everywhere that 'study on the ground' offers advantages which the best instruction for the A.B. or A.M. can rarely give even partially in the United States. The summer exodus will then increase by leaps and bounds. 'Vergil's country' is still in Italy. No course in topography can fix Rome upon the tablets of one's memory as indelibly as some miles of riding on Shank's mare in its network of ways. It needs no stressing that Ostia, Pompeii, Timagad, etc., transport one to ancient homes as no photographs or word-painting can. The very reading of the books of travel and description that I have mentioned is going to add wings to the feet of our classical pilgrims, a thought that brings me to my third and most important point.

We classicists are lagging far behind our possibilities for strengthening our subject. Educators who believe in the importance of French to College students have already well organized in certain institutions a year of intensive study in France that counts towards the bachelor's degree as much as the same length of time spent in residence at the College. The movement is spreading to German and to Spanish, and there is no fundamental reason why similar work might not be done in Italy and Greece on behalf of the Classics. These countries actually mean far more to our civilization than some of the others that are much frequented. As yet, however, we are not making the most of even our graduate facilities. I believe the time must come when some enterprising University or a group of them in collaboration will maintain a classical staff on the other side, specifically for instruction in the summer, but possibly, as the demand increased, for winter courses also. The American School of Classical Studies

of the American Academy in Rome is more and more limiting its regular clientele to students who are reasonably sure to become productive scholars, and its Summer School can handle only a maximum of sixty in a very general course. This is of great value, but most onerous for even a skilled and devoted scholar to give singlehanded. The Universities of Italy are only just waking up to the possibilities of doing for foreigners what such centers as Paris and Grenoble are doing in France at all seasons. The day may yet come when primacy in classical studies will pass to Italian scholars, so great are the natural advantages of their land and so unmatched are the collections and the relics of antiquity that they possess.

In July and August, Rome has a delightful climate as compared with that of any locality where our College Summer Schools are located. With the limitations necessarily set by the purposes or by the equipment of the American Academy, there is all the more pressure upon us to provide regular courses, mostly, though not necessarily altogether, of the graduate type. If other agencies, such as this or that American College⁵, or, let us say, the higher type of Travel Bureau took care of general courses, specialists could handle such subjects as topography, epigraphy, art, and Roman Private Life in courses the like of which for inspiration and value no home-institution could offer. When Professor Ralph Magoffin out of his experience in the American Academy in Rome first urged officially the establishment of a Summer School connected with the Academy, reluctance on the part of the Trustees to acquiesce was comprehensible. But the results have justified our most optimistic anticipations. We now know that Rome is a magnet that will attract annually for higher study not scores, but hundreds, of teachers of every grade, if only the work shall be academically organized. So far, we have hardly made a beginning. The beneficiaries from such courses as I have in mind would return to the United States with knowledge and inspiration that would be felt by classical instruction in every quarter of our land.

WALTON BROOKS MCDANIEL

ARISTOPHANES AND THE COUNTRY¹

Twenty years ago, Maurice Croiset, in his *Aristophane et les Partis à Athènes*, directed attention to that poet's acquaintance with country life and country people:

"... The men of that class are those whom the poet is pleased to bring upon the scene under the names of Dicaeopolis, Strepsiades, Trygaeus; they form the chorus of the Peace and of the Farmers. Manifestly, in the early part of his life above all, he has for them a predilection. His comedies are full of allusions to their customs, their labors, and their pastimes. And those allusions are so precise, so varied, and so true to

⁴New York University has shown commendable enterprise in testing the advantages of travel connected with directed study.

⁵This paper was read at the Twentieth Annual Meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, held at the University of Pennsylvania, April 30-May 1, 1926.

⁶For another version of this passage see the book entitled *Aristophanes and the Political Parties at Athens*, by Maurice Croiset, Translated by James Loeb, 9-10 (London, Macmillan, 1909). C. K. >

⁴In the *American Journal of Archaeology*, 18 (1924), in an article on *Dischi Sacri*, I had to discuss at some length the *pretiosa velleria* from the flocks of the Galeasus (see pages 37-38).

life that they seem to imply a direct knowledge of conditions. It seems that the poet must from childhood have seen the countryman at home, by his fireside in winter, before his house in summer, near the buzzing hives and the well with its bed of violets. He is acquainted with the country customs, with the cultivation of field and garden, with all that the farmer hopes from good weather and fears from bad. He knows the names of trees and plants and tools and of the birds that hide in the hedgerows or fly through the fields. . . . And not only does he know all these things, but one feels that he enjoys them and likes to talk about them. He is penetrated by a live consciousness of nature that is not the dreaming of a tired townsman, but seems to be the product of memories and personal impression'.

Contrary to a notion once all too common but now happily exploded, the Greeks were not insensitive to nature. Homer is keenly alive to the varied moods of sea and sky, to the behavior of birds and bees and other creatures of the open, to the nodding of the field of grain before the stiff sea breeze, and to a myriad other matters that could hardly escape a sensitive people spending its waking hours under the open skies. Other Greek poets, too, show similar capacity for perception and sympathetic understanding. If, then, I have chosen to pass in review this aspect of the comic poet's genius, it is not to refute again the old falsehood, but rather to bring before you a bit more concretely than M. Croiset allowed himself to do material to illustrate that point.

Whatever be the facts in the old tradition that Attic comedy was the product of the countryside, certainly by the time of Aristophanes comedy was thoroughly at home in urban Athens. Old Comedy is synonymous with politics. If Aristophanes was, as Croiset maintains³, countrybred, his earliest plays show him already quite conversant with city life and city folk. Professor L. L. Forman, in the Appendix to his admirable edition⁴ of the *Clouds* (pages 239-244), lists thirty-one categories of townspeople, famous or infamous—principally the latter—, at whom Aristophanes's comic shafts were aimed. So wide and so intimate a knowledge of the town suggests not a country dweller suspicious of his city brother, but rather one who is quite at home there himself. Indeed, there is reason for supposing that Aristophanes served Thucydides not infrequently as recorder of Athenian doings. In view of all this, the poet's interest in the country is all the more remarkable.

Each of the years from 425 B.C. down to the Peace of Nicias is represented by a play from Aristophanes, and in each there is a wealth of reference to country scenes and country people. In four of the five plays of that period, the leading character is a rustic; in three of the five the chorus, too, is of the same origin.

Although the poet does not spare the human frailties of the rustics, his treatment of the class as a whole is sympathetic. Dicaeopolis in the *Acharnians*, as he impatiently awaits the opening of the Assembly, is made to lament thus (29-36)⁵:

³On page 10 of the work named above, in Note 2.

⁴New York, American Book Company, 1915.

⁵I have employed throughout this paper the justly famous version of B. B. Rogers. That version is readily available now in the Loeb Classical Library. See *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 18:181.

All alone,
I pass the time complaining, yawning, stretching,
I fidget, write, twitch hairs out, do my sums,
Gaze fondly country-wards, longing for Peace,
Loathing the town, sick for my village-home,
Which never cried, Come, buy my charcoal,
My vinegar, my oil, my anything;
But freely gave us all; no buy-word there.

In the midst of his celebration of the Rural Dionysia as he fondly imagines himself back home, he sings (263-276):

O Phales, comrade revel-roaming
Of Bacchus, wanderer of the gloaming,

Here in my home I gladly greet ye,
Six weary years of absence over;
For I have made a private treaty
And said good-bye to toils and fusses,
And fights, and fighting Lamachuses.
Far happier 'tis to me and sweeter,
O Phales, Phales, some soft glade in,
To woo the saucy, arch, deceiving,
Young Thratta (Strymodore his maiden),
As from my woodland fells I meet her
Descending with my fagots laden. . . .

The chorus of hotheaded Acharnian charcoal burners, at last won over to the benefits of peace, thus bursts forth in ecstasy (988-998):

O of Cyprus foster-sister, and of every heavenly
Grace,
Never knew I till this moment all the glory of thy
face,

RECONCILIATION!

Ah, but if I get you, dear, I'll show my triple husbandry.
First a row of vinelets will I plant prolonged and orderly,
Next the little fig-tree shoots beside them, growing lustily,
Thirdly the domestic vine; although I am so elderly.
Round them all shall olives grow, to form a pleasant boundary.

The leading rôles in the *Knights* are assigned to a Paphlagonian slave, representing Cleon, the tanner 'boss' of Athens, and to a lowborn sausage-vendor, also citybred; but the umpire in their fight for political supremacy is democracy personified, who is thus described (41-43):

Demos of Pnyx-borough, such a sour old man,
Quick-tempered, country-minded, bean-consuming. . . .

The sausage-vendor declares of his rival (315-318):
You're a knowing hand at cobbling, else in mincing meat I'm not;
You who cheated all the rustics with a flabby bullock-hide,
Cutting it aslant to make it look like leather firm and dried;
In a day, the shoes you sold them wobbled half a foot too wide.

Cleon's treatment of old Demos is thus described (792-808):

You love him right well who permit him to dwell
eight years in the clefts of the City,
In the nests of the vulture, in turrets and casks,
nor ever assist him or pity,
But keep him in durance to rifle his hive; . . .

But if once to the country in peace he returns, away
from all fighting and fusses,
And strengthens his system with furrmetry there,
and a confect of olives discusses,
He will know to your cost what a deal he has lost,
while the pay you allowed him he drew,
And then, like a hunter, irate he will come on the
trail of a vote against you.

Aristophanes himself² tells us that he regarded the *Clouds* as his best production up to that time. Its hero he has drawn with loving hand. A simple-minded farmer, ill adapted to sophistic refinements and the lingo of the School, he yet possessed, on occasion, a certain shrewdness. His very failings endear him to us, and at the end he rises to a chivalrous height in defense of that same city-wife who has brought about his financial ruin. Let us listen as he muses on the good old days (43-50):

Mine in the country was the pleasantest life,
Untidy, easy-going, unrestrained,
Brimming with olives, sheep-folds, honey-bees.
Ah! then I married—I a rustic—her
A fine town-lady, niece of Megacles....
This wife I married, and we came together,
I rank with wine-lees, fig-boards, greasy woolpacks;
She all with scents, and saffron, and tongue-kissings.

Blundering into Socrates's Think-Shop, he exclaims (138), "Forgive me: I'm an awkward country fool". Catching sight of certain pupils out of doors, he asks (187), "What makes them fix their eyes so on the ground?", and, on being informed that "They seek things underground", proud of his knowledge and eager to be of service, he volunteers (188-190):

O! to be sure,
Truffles! You there, don't trouble about that!
I'll tell you where the best and finest grow.

The poet shows his appreciation of the beauties of nature, suburban if not rustic, when he creates these lovely lines (1005-1008):

But you will below to the Academe go, and under the
olives contend
With your chaplet of reed, in a contest of speed
with some excellent rival and friend:
All fragrant with woodbine and peaceful content
and the leaf which the lime blossoms fling,
When the plane whispers love to the elm in the grove
in the beautiful season of Spring.

The *Clouds*, who form the chorus of the play, with expert knowledge make this plea for victory in the comic contest (1115-1122):

Now we wish to tell the Judges all the blessings they
shall gain
If, as Justice plainly warrants, we the worthy prize
obtain.
First, whenever in the Season ye would fain your
fields renew,
All the world shall wait expectant till we've poured
our rain on you:
Then of all your crops and vineyards we will take
the utmost care
So that neither drought oppress them, nor the heavy
rain impair.
But if any one amongst you dare to treat our claims
with scorn,
Mortal he, the *Clouds* immortal, better had he ne'er
been born!

He from his estates shall gather neither corn, nor oil,
nor wine,
For whenever blossoms sparkle on the olive or the
vine
They shall all at once be blighted: we will ply our
slings so true.

Although scholars are divided in their opinions regarding the scene of the *Wasps*, a play revolving about Cleon and the Athenian jury-system, there seems small reason to doubt that Love-Cleon and his son, Loathe-Cleon, are at least country-bred. Note the language in which the former berates his slavish captor (448-450):

Won't you even now unhand me, shameless villain,
worst of rogues?
When the grapes I caught you stealing, O remember,
if you can,
How I tied you to the olive, and I flogged you like a
man....

Again he draws upon the vineyard for a figure in alluding to his son's attack upon him (634), "Ay, ay, he thought he'd steal my grapes and pluck them undefended". Referring to his accomplishments with a voting tablet, he laments (850), "I've long been dying to commence my furrows".

The term of endearment given to their old crony by the farmer chorus is 'honey-bee'. A house slave, dis-canting on Love-Cleon's peculiar malady, declares (106-108):

So sour he is, the long condemning line
He marks for all, then homeward like a bee
Laden with wax beneath his finger-nails.

Indeed there is a deal of talk of bees throughout the play. An intended victim of Cleon and his henchmen is said to have 'a splendid hive of wealth'. Bee and wasp are curiously fused in one of those extended similes of which Aristophanes was so fond (1110-1116):

There we lay our heads together, densely packed,
and stooping low,
Like the grubs within their cells, with movement
tremulous and slow.
And for ways and means in general we're superlatively
good,
Stinging every man about us, culling thence a
livelihood.
Yet we've stingless drones amongst us, idle knaves
who sit them still,
Shrink from work, and toil, and labour, stop at home,
and eat their fill,
Eat the golden tribute honey our industrious care
has wrought.

An interesting bit of rustic weather lore is contained in the following observations of the same chorus (259-265):

But, bless me, this is filth indeed I feel beneath my
feet:
Ay, and within four days from this, or sooner, it is
plain,
God will send down upon our town a fresh supply of
rain:
So dense and thick around the wick these thieves
collect and gather,
And that's, as everybody knows, a sign of heavy
weather.
Well, well, 'tis useful for the fruits, and all the back-
ward trees,
To have a timely fall of rain, and eke a good North
breeze.

²See pages 99-101 of the work named above in Note 2.

In the Peace, the leading character introduces himself (190) as "Trygaeus, an Athmonian, skilled in vines. . ." The constitution of the chorus of that play is in dispute. The words with which Trygaeus summons them would suggest a motley crew (296-300):

O all ye farmers, merchants, artisans,
O all ye craftsmen, aliens, sojourners,
O all ye islanders, O all ye peoples,
Come with ropes, and spades, and crowbars, come in
eager, hurrying haste,
Now the cup of happy fortune, brothers, it is ours to
taste.

At their entrance, they laud Peace (308) as "the Goddess best and greatest, vineyard-lovingest of all". As the chorus struggles with but indifferent success to haul the goddess from the pit into which the god of war has placed her, their leader thus exhorts them (508): "Come, let us farmers pull alone, and set our shoulders to it". Trygaeus, forecasting their success, declares (511) "The farmers have it all themselves, and not another party".

Presently, at sight of Peace and her attendant maidens, Harvesthome and Mayfair, Trygaeus bursts forth in rapture (520-538):

Giver of grapes, O how shall I address you?
O for a word ten thousand buckets big
Wherewith to accost you: for I've none at hand.
Good morning, Harvesthome: good morn, Mayfair.
O what a lovely, charming face, Mayfair!
O what a breath! how fragrant to my heart,
How sweet, how soft, with perfume and inaction.
HE<RMES>. Not quite the odour of a knapsack, eh?

TR. Faugh! that odious pouch of odious men, I hate it.
It has a smell of rancid-onion-whiffs;
But she of harvest, banquets, festivals,

The bleating lambs, the ivy-leaf, the vat,
Full-bosomed matrons hurrying to the farm,
The tipsy maid, the drained and emptied flask,
And many another blessing.

The dialogue between Trygaeus and the chorus following the call of Hermes to the farm, seems inspired by a fervor and a pathos rather unusual in comedy (555-600):

CH. Day most welcome to the farmers and to all the
just and true,
Now I see you I am eager once again my
vines to view,
And the fig-trees which I planted in my boy-
hood's early prime,
I would fain salute and visit after such a weary
time.

TR. Think of all the thousand pleasures,
Comrades, which to Peace we owe,
All the life of ease and comfort
Which she gave us long ago:
Figs and olives, wine and myrtles,
Luscious fruits preserved and dried,
Banks of fragrant violets, blowing
By the crystal fountain's side;
Scenes for which our hearts are yearning,
Joys that we have missed so long,—
—Comrades, here is Peace returning,
Greet her back with dance and song!

CH. Welcome, welcome, best and dearest, welcome,
welcome, welcome home.
We have looked and longed for thee,

Looking, longing, wondrously,
Once again our farms to see.
O the joy, the bliss, the rapture, really to behold
thee come.

Thou wast aye our chief enjoyment, thou wast
aye our greatest gain.

We who ply the farmer's trade
Used, through thy benignant aid,
All the joys of life to hold.

Ah! the unbought pleasures free
Which we erst received of thee

In the merry days of old,
When thou wast our one salvation and our
roasted barley grain.

Now will all the tiny shoots,
Sunny vine and fig-tree sweet,
All the happy flowers and fruits,
Laugh for joy thy steps to greet.

Hermes, explaining the war as due in part to the
cupidity of Spartan politicians, thus continues (625-
627):

But from this their own advantage ruin to their
farmers came;
For from hence the eager galleys sailing forth
with vengeful aim,
Swallowed up the figs of people who were not,
perchance, to blame.

At which Trygaeus, with much heat, interjects (630-
631):

Very justly, very justly! richly had they earned
the blow,
Lopping down the dusky fig-tree I had loved and
nurtured so.

Hermes continues (632-637):

Then your labouring population, flocking in
from vale and plain,
Never dreamed that, like the others, they them-
selves were sold for gain.

But as having lost their grape-stones, and desir-
ing figs to get,

Everyone his rapt attention on the public speak-
ers set;

These beheld you poor and famished, lacking all
your home supplies,

Straight they pitchforked out the Goddess,
scouting her with yells and cries....

Back home from his celestial adventure, Trygaeus
boasts (866-867) how he had stored the people's life.

With pleasant joys of home and wife,
With country mirth and leisure.

A notable description of those simple joys is contained
in the following choral passage (1132-1171):

But I love to pass my days
With my wine and boon companions
Round the merry, merry blaze,
When the logs are dry and seasoned,
And the fire is burning bright,
And I roast the pease and chestnuts
In the embers all alight,

—Flirting too with Thratta
When my wife is out of sight.

Ah, there's nothing half so sweet as when the
seed is in the ground,

God a gracious rain is sending, and a neighbour
saunters round.

"O Comarchides!" he hails me: "how shall we
enjoy the hours?"

"Drinking seems to suit my fancy, what with
these benignant showers.

Therefore let three quarts, my mistress, of your
kidney-beans be fried,

Mix them nicely up with barley, and your choicest figs provide;
 Syra run and shout to Manes, call him in without delay,
 'Tis no time to stand and dawdle pruning out the vines to-day,
 Nor to break the clods about them, now the ground is soaking through.
 Bring me out from home the fieldfare, bring me out the siskins too,
 Then there ought to be some beestings, four good plates of hare beside
 (Hah! unless the cat purloined them yesterday at eventide;
 Something scuffled in the pantry, something made a noise and fuss);
 If you find them, one's for father, bring the other three to us.
 Ask Aeschinades to send us myrtle branches green and strong;
 Bid Charinades attend us, shouting as you pass along.
 Then we'll sit and drink together,
 God the while refreshing, blessing
 All the labour of our hands".
 O to watch the grape of Lemnos
 Swelling out its purple skin,
 When the merry little warblings
 Of the Chirruper begin;
 For the Lemnian ripens early.
 And I watch the juicy fig
 Till at last I pick and eat it
 When it hangeth soft and big;
 And I bless the friendly seasons
 Which have made a fruit so prime,
 And I mix a pleasant mixture,
 Grating in a lot of thyme,
 —Growing fat and hearty
 In the genial summer clime.

The quotations hitherto presented have been only the more striking illustrations of this special phase of interest. This is not the time to undertake an explanation of their disproportion compared with conditions in the later plays. In the latter, similar allusions are generally of the briefest, and are to be discovered only after diligent search. To be sure, in the latest of that group, the *Plutus*, both the leading character and the chorus are rustics, but the poet is at no pains to remind us of the fact.

What Aristophanes had in mind in composing the *Birds* is difficult to guess. The play seems to be the purest fantasy. The leading characters are two old men of Athens who have tired of their city. Indeed, all human figures in that comedy appear to be of the urban variety. Yet the poet shows a fondness for the country and an acquaintance with its life that is to be found in no other of the last six plays that remain to us.

The chorus of the *Birds* consists of twenty-four birds, each with its own special name. All in all we find no fewer than seventy-six varieties of birds referred to in the play. What one of us could list as many? Are we to suppose that by way of preparation for this novel production the poet consulted his *Encyclopedia Attica*, or borrowed some Sophist's handbook?

Listen to the Hoopoe's call to his feathered choristers (230-252):

Come hither any bird with plumage like my own;
 Come hither ye that batten on the acres newly sown,
 On the acres by the farmer neatly sown;
 And the myriad tribes that feed on the barley and the seed,
 The tribes that lightly fly, giving out a gentle cry;
 And ye who round the clod, in the furrow-riven sod,
 With voices sweet and low, twitter, flitter to and fro,
 Singing *tiō, tiō, tiō, tiōtinx*;
 And ye who in the gardens a pleasant harvest glean,
 Lurking in the branches of the ivy ever green;
 And ye who top the mountains with gay and airy flight;
 And ye who in the olive and the arbutus delight;
 Come hither one and all, come flying to our call,
Triotō, triotō, tolobrinx.
 Ye that snap up the gnats, shrilly voiced,
 Mid the deep water-glens of the fens,
 Or on Marathon's expanse haunt the lea, fair to see,
 Or career o'er the swamps, dewy-moist,
 And the bird with the gay mottled plumes, come away,
 Francolin! Francolin! come away!
 Ye with the halcyons flitting delightedly
 Over the surge of the infinite Sea,
 Come to the great Revolution awaiting us....

The practical advantages of devotions to the birds are thus depicted (588-591):

The delicate tendrils and bloom of the vine no more shall the locusts molest,
 One gallant brigade of the kestrels and owls shall rid them at once of the pest.
 No more shall the mite and the gall-making blight the fruit of the fig-tree devour,
 Of thrushes one troop on their armies shall swoop, and clear them all off in an hour.

Other passages of similar import are to be found in this play. Aristophanes shows, too, in many scattered places no small acquaintance with the habits, real or fancied, of particular species. But I wish to close this sketch with just one more citation.

The *Frogs*, as everybody knows, owes its title to a specialty introduced by our poet in the nature of a subsidiary chorus. Doubtless one need not have traveled beyond the city limits to have heard the insistent 'Brekekekex, ko-ax, ko-ax' of the Attic frog, but only Aristophanes had the happy thought of preserving it for us or of entering into the spirit of the frogs' care-free existence (241-250):

Loud and louder our chant must flow.
 Sing if ever ye sang of yore,
 When in sunny and glorious days
 Through the rushes and marsh-flats springing
 On we swept, in the joy of singing
 Myriad-diving roundelays.
 Or when fleeing the storm, we went
 Down to the depths, and our choral song
 Wildly raised to a loud and long
 Bubble-bursting accompaniment.
 Brekekekex, ko-ax, ko-ax.

THE ITALIAN LITERARY GUIDE SERVICE

The writer has created a literary service of interest, he hopes, to students of Italian life and letters. Returning from Italy in 1922, he commenced his serious study of the English literature relating to Old Rome and New Italy. Last year he organized The Italian Literary Guide Service, to place his bibliographic material in the hands of those interested in the subject.

From his studio in Darien, Connecticut, he commenced to issue a bulletin entitled *Italiana*, and as editor of this monthly periodical he has given to students, travelers, and librarians an index to the accessible literary information and news announcements concerning classical Rome and modern Italy, in the form of an annotated bibliography of all important material published, in the English language, on the subject.

There was immediate interest in the work thus commenced. The Editor of *Italiana* was soon invited to affiliate his work with the activities of the Italy America Society of New York City. During the latter months of 1926, *Italiana* was published by that Society. It is now published as a section of the regular Bulletin of the Society, and is distributed gratis to its members. Others interested may subscribe to it at two dollars per annum.

One of the functions of The Italian Literary Guide Service is the compilation of the material which is published each month in *Italiana*. But the larger purpose is to provide a clearing-house for all matters of literary and artistic interest relating to Roman and Italian culture.

To this end a number of important collateral activities are being carried forward.

Since 1921, Dr. Mario E. Cosenza, of The Italian Teachers' Association, has maintained a card-index of all new books that deal with Italian culture. Commencing with the issue of *Italiana* for March, 1927, the titles of such of these books as are written in English appear in the reference-list published in *Italiana*.

Much of the current material which is published in books and periodicals is ephemeral in character. That a bibliography of such material may be of practical value, it must be backed up by a carefully selected and well-annotated record of the accredited works of reference on Roman and Italian culture. To this end, an annotated bibliography is being prepared, which will provide bibliographical, biographical, and critical information concerning all the better books in English that deal with Roman and Italian history, art, and other phases of cultural life. At first a mimeographed list of books, in alphabetical arrangement by authors, will be submitted to a representative group of librarians and teachers, who will be asked for constructive criticism of the titles listed. They will be asked to recommend books which have been omitted from the list and to suggest the omission of such as, in their judgment, do not deserve a permanent place in such a bibliographic list. The returns will be analyzed, and then a revised, briefly annotated bibliography,

with the items classified by subjects, will be issued in multigraphed form.

This second bibliography will be placed at the disposal of teachers, librarians, and travelers. No such annotated bibliography, apart from books dealing with the subject, now exists. When the work is well under way, and is supplemented by the current issues of *Italiana*, a complete and practical source of information concerning books and other publications on Italian life and letters will be available. The aim will be to publish as complete a source of bibliographic information as can be produced at reasonable cost and of practical size.

Another work of interest which is in progress is the development of opportunities for student travel in Italy. Each year many Colleges and Universities offer courses of study in Italy. The Italian Literary Guide Service has been instrumental in expediting arrangements with the Italian Government for such travel, to the end that costs of visas, tuition in Italian Universities, admission to places of historic interest, etc., may be reduced to a minimum.

BROOKSIDE STUDIO.

DARIEN, CONNECTICUT THOMAS W. HUNTINGTON, JR.

REVIEWS

A Roman Home: A Letter from Tiro, A Literary Slave of Cicero, to His Friend Ximenes. By David Swing. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company (1925). Pp. 21. Bound in Paper. Price, \$1.00 a dozen.

The pamphlet entitled *A Roman Home: A Letter from Tiro, etc.*, is reprinted from Mr. David Swing's book, *Club Essays* (Chicago, A. C. McClurg and Company), which was first published in 1880, and in a "new and enlarged edition", in 1889. It gives Tiro's reminiscences of Cicero's home life and personality. This is not the first attempt in English to use a letter as a means of conveying information about Roman private life. In 1872-1873, there appeared in Harper's Magazine (46.66-79, 174-187) two letters, by Benson J. Lossing, on *The Old Romans at Home*.

The subject of the Roman home is of course more difficult than that of the Roman house. At present we have all sorts of manuals and handbooks that discuss the Roman house and its furnishings. I am hoping that we can now devote more time to a reconstruction of the life within the house. This pamphlet is an early attempt to meet this need.

It is far more perplexing to compose an attractive and adequate paper of this type than to write a scholarly article with all its pedantic precision and impedimenta. It requires, in addition to scholarship, a fine sense of perspective and a command of neat and graceful expression. Mr. Swing's paper is fine in conception and has many admirable features, but its infelicities in English detract from my enjoyment of it. The English will annoy students also, even though they may not be able to analyze the trouble. The paper is done, but not finished.

In the expression "*Cornelia of Gracchi fame*" (12) I dislike the plural with the singular noun. In the

phrases "in either his public speaking or in his conversations" (9) there is an awkward arrangement (chiasmus?) of the correlatives and the preposition. An unnatural use of the verb "point" is seen in the following sentence (3): "I inquired for the house of Cicero, and was pointed to a man as being the good Roman himself".

Does the author say what he means in describing a litter as "plain but elegant" (3)? I fail to see the logic of the antithesis at the end of this sentence (20): "We sailed from Astura, but, after a day out in rough weather, Cicero grew sick, and at the same time he felt a great longing to risk <sic/> his native land, or die upon its soil". Again we read (6), "...But Rome is a brick city, the bricks being about one span square. Entering this large square by a beautiful gate..." The "square" referred to is, not that of the bricks, but, hardly less strangely, that of a house (6) which "measures about a hundred feet across the front and extends back fully two hundred feet"! Aside from their peculiar phrasing I do not see how the following sentences can mean much to a boy or a girl who does not already know how the name Cicero originated: "...When he entered the law some wanted him to change his name, for Cicero meant only a vegetable. They told him it did not sound large enough" (11). I do not understand the following sentence (8): "Man can walk a circle with less fatigue if at times he changes his direction". This statement is made (16) of Terentia: "...She never praised in any manner her famous husband, but on the opposite, set up an opposition of feeling, if I may so speak..." Utinam nemo ita dicat!

I much prefer to spell "Herrennius" (21) as the Romans did, with one *r*. Since this name retains its Latin ending, I do not see why *Marius* is Italianized to "Mario" (2).

As regards the subject-matter of this essay, I find a few things that disturb me. Tiro says (1) that in his youth he had been a literary slave in Athens, and that, twenty years later, Cicero, while he was on a visit to that city to study rhetoric, had purchased him. Compare the statement made by Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Atticae* 6 (7).3.8: eo< = Tirone> ab ineunte aetate liberaliter instituto adminiculatore et quasi administro in studiis litterarum Cicero-usus est. It is far more probable that Tiro had been a *verna* in Cicero's house. Tiro speaks (1-2) of his bondage during the last twenty years of Cicero's life. He had been a freedman since 53 B. C. (perhaps 54).

This imaginary letter, which is dated A. U. C. 710, is supposed to have been written shortly after Cicero's death. Cicero died in December, 43 B. C., which is seven hundred and eleven, according to the Roman method of reckoning.

It seems strange to me that "Tiro, A Literary Slave of Cicero", has nothing to say about shorthand (see Cicero, *Ad Atticum* 13.25.3). That would surely be a point of interest to young students.

There is one thing which I personally do not envy Tiro, the necessity of laughing at Cicero's puns (10). The witticisms are much better, but not a few of the puns are as cheap and in as bad taste as those which street-fakers still make in Rome.

Even old men are represented as "whistling" popular airs (14). I have been alert in my reading of the last two years to discover whether whistling was a national habit among the Romans, but I have found no satisfactory evidence to that effect¹.

Feasting was certainly not one of the activities of the "main hall" or *atrium* in any well-to-do family (5).

I dislike exceedingly to criticize adversely any material prepared especially for Secondary Schools. It is hard to get. Teachers who are willing to make their own restatements of a few sentences will find this pamphlet usable and useful. At all events I hope that everyone in need of handy treatments will examine this letter and form an independent judgment about it.

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EUGENE S. MCCARTNEY

Kleine Phonetik des Lateinischen mit Ausblicken auf den Lautstand Alter und Neuer Tochter- und Nachbarsprachen. Von Hermann Breuer. Breslau: Trewendt und Granier Verlag (1925). Pp. 56.

Observing that Latin is carelessly and inaccurately pronounced in the German Schools, while the pronunciation of other foreign languages is painstakingly studied according to the best phonetic methods, Herr Breuer has provided a simple and readable pamphlet which will convince any schoolman or schoolboy who picks it up that the pronunciation of Latin now current in Germany needs certain definite corrections. By comparing the pronunciation of Latin with that of German, French, and English, the author attempts to connect his topic with others in the School course, and, by citing the evidence on controverted points, he answers the familiar but false plea of the traditionalists, 'We do not know how the Romans pronounced Latin'. I feel confident that the little book will in large measure accomplish its purpose.

Evidently Herr Breuer is no phonetician, and he has not kept up with the recent literature of the pronunciation of Latin. He has, however, carefully studied the older authorities, especially Seelmann, *Die Aussprache des Latein* (Heilbronn, 1885), which he follows somewhat too trustfully. Consequently he is everywhere conservative, and his slips are rarely serious.

Perhaps the worst mistake is in prescribing a pronunciation like that of French *oui* for *ui* in *huic* and *cui* (26). Later (48), he contrasts the semivowel *v* in *villa* and *cui* with the *u* after *g*, which does not make position. I wonder how he would scan Lucretius 3. 932, mittat et hoc alicui nostrum sic increpat ipsa. *Alicui* is an anapaest also in Sulpicia apud Tibullum 4. 7. 2; Ovid, *Amores* 2. 5. 41, *Ars Amatoria* 2. 289, *Tristia* 4. 7. 7; Martial 5. 52. 3; and elsewhere. This metrical value of *alicui*, by the way, should be added to the evidence for the diphthongal pronunciation of *ui* (i. e. *oo* + *i*) in *cui* and *huic*, which I published in *Transactions of the American Philological Association* 43. 57-66.

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E. H. STURTEVANT

¹Polybius gives interesting instances of whistling as a signal to plotters (8.20 [22]. 5), and to a sentry (8.29 [31]. 5).